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## FITZGERALD'S ODE TO HIS SHIP.

TRANSLATED BY MISS BROOKE.

MISS BROOKE tells us that this Ode was written by a gentleman of the name of Fitzgerald, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, as appears from some passages in other pieces composed by the same author. The subject of it is a voyage to Spain. Let the classic reader compare it with the third ode of Horace, and say how far short the Irish poet falls of the majesty of the Roman one.

Bless my good ship, protecting pow'r of grace!  
And o'er the winds, the waves, the destin'd coast,  
Breathe benign spirit!—Let thy radiant host  
Spread their angelic shields!  
Before us, the bright bulwark let them place,  
And fly beside us, through their azure fields!

O calm the voice of winter's storm!  
Rule the wrath of angry seas!  
The fury of the rending blast appease,  
Nor let its rage fair ocean's face deform!  
O check the biting wind of spring,  
And, from before our course,  
Arrest the fury of its wing,  
And terrors of its force!  
So may be safely pass the dang'rous cape,  
And from the perils of the deep escape!

I grieve to leave the splendid seats  
Of Teamor's ancient fame!  
Mansion of heroes, now farewell!  
Adieu, ye sweet retreats,  
Where the fam'd hunters of your ancient vale,  
Who swell'd the high heroic tale,  
Were wont of old to dwell!  
And you, bright tribes of sunny streams, adieu!  
While my sad feet their mournful path pursue,  
Ah, well their lingering steps my grieving soul proclaim!

Receive me now my ship!—hoist now thy sails,  
To catch the favouring gales.  
O Heaven! before thine awful throne I bend!  
O let thy power thy servants now protect!  
Increase of knowledge and of wisdom lend,  
Our course, through every peril to direct;  
To steer us safe through ocean's rage,  
Where angry storms their dreadful strife maintain;  
O may thy power their wrath assuage!  
May smiling suns, and gentle breezes reign!

Stout is my well-built ship, the storm to brave,  
Majestic in its might,  
Her bulk tremendous on the wave,  
Erects its stately height!  
From her strong bottom, tall in air  
Her branching masts aspiring rise;  
Aloft their cords, and curling heads they bear,  
And give their sheeted ensigns to the skies;  
While her proud bulk frowns awful on the main,  
And seems the fortress of the liquid plain!

Dreadful in the shock of fight;  
She goes—she cleaves the storm!  
Where ruin wears its most tremendous form  
She sails exulting in her might!  
On the fierce necks of foaming billows rides,  
And through the roar  
Of angry ocean, to the destined shore  
Her course triumphant guides;  
As though beneath her frown the winds were dead,  
And each blue valley was their silent bed!

Through all the perils of the main  
She knows her dauntless progress to maintain!  
Through quicksands, flats, and breaking waves,  
Her dang'rous path she dares explore;  
Wrecks, storms, and calms, alike she braves,  
And gains, with scarce a breeze, the wish'd-for shore!  
Or in the hour of war,  
Fierce on she bounds in conscious might,  
To meet the promised fight!  
While, distant far,  
The fleets of wondering nations gaze,  
And view her course with emulous amaze,

As like some champion'd son of fame,  
She rushes to the shock of arms,  
And joys to mingle in the loud alarms,  
Impell'd by rage, and fired with glory's flame.

Sailing with pomp upon the watery plain,  
Like some huge monster of the main,  
My ship her speckled bosom laves,  
And high in air her curling ensign waves;  
Her stately sides, with polish'd beauty gay,  
And gunnel, bright with gold's effulgent ray,

As the fierce griffin's dreadful flight  
Her monstrous bulk appears,  
While o'er the seas her towering height,  
And her wide wings, tremendous shade! she rears.  
Or, as a champion, thirsting after fame,  
The strife of swords—the deathless name—  
So does she seem, and such her rapid course!  
Such is the rending of her force;  
When her sharp keel, where dreadful splendors play,  
Cuts through the foaming main its liquid way,  
Like the red bolt of Heaven she shoots along,  
Dire as its flight, and as its fury strong!

God of the winds! O hear my pray'r!  
Safe passage now bestow!  
Soft, o'er the slumbering deep, may fair  
And prosperous breezes flow!  
O'er the rough rock, and swelling wave,  
Do thou our progress guide!  
Do thou from angry ocean save,  
And o'er its rage preside.

Speed my good ship, along the rolling sea,  
O Heaven! and smiling skies, and favourite gales decree!  
Speed the high-masted ship of dauntless force,  
Swift in her glittering flight, and sounding course!  
Stately moving on the main,  
Forest of the azure plain!  
Faithful to confided trust,  
To her promis'd glory just!  
Swift from afar,  
In peril's fearful hour,  
Mighty in force, and bounteous in her power,  
She comes, kind aid she lends,  
She frees her supplicating friends,  
And fear before her flies, and dangers cease.

Hear, blest heav'n my ardent pray'r!  
My ship—my crew—O take us to thy care!  
O may no peril bar our way!  
Fair blow the gales of each propitious day!  
Soft swell the floods, and gently roll the tides,  
While from Dunboy, along the smiling main  
We sail, until the destin'd coast we gain,  
And safe in port our gallant vessel rides!

## ON THE PROFITS OF FARMING.

Every man about to embark in farming, should make it a fixed rule, not to extend himself more than his capital will admit of; and, above all, he must be cautious that it is not infringed upon towards the payment of his rents; which may, even where the greatest activity and intelligence is brought into play, be sometimes the case, when produce is depreciated. Losses may be compensated for in succeeding seasons; but it seems I think pretty generally allowed that *great* profits are not now to be made, more particularly in the tillage way.

If the *agriculturist* deducts all his expenses, keeping an account for five years, to enable him to have an average, (which is the only fair way,) it is more than probable he will find that his profits will not return sufficient compensation. Some few, under advantageous circumstances, such as good markets, and a few successive good years, may think otherwise; but experience will show that reverses may come about and reduce their profits.

Trade and commerce are much more likely methods of attaining wealth than agriculture; and Great Britain, if solely an agricultural country, could not have attained the rank she now holds among nations. However, as agriculture and commerce generally go hand in hand, if she had